# Medical Missionary

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# The Medical Missionary

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Volume XXV Number 3


## THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

### *Who they are:*

The Medical Mission Sisters are a religious community devoted to the care of the sick in the missions.

### *Main Activities*

Hospitals, dispensaries, home visiting, leprosaria, training native nurses, training native compounders, maternity and child welfare clinics, establishing native Medical Mission Sisterhoods.

### *Missions*

Africa, India, Indonesia, Pakistan, Southern United States.

### *Houses of the Society*

Motherhouse and Novitiate— 8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Pa.

House of Studies—6th & Buchanan Sts., Washington 17, D. C.


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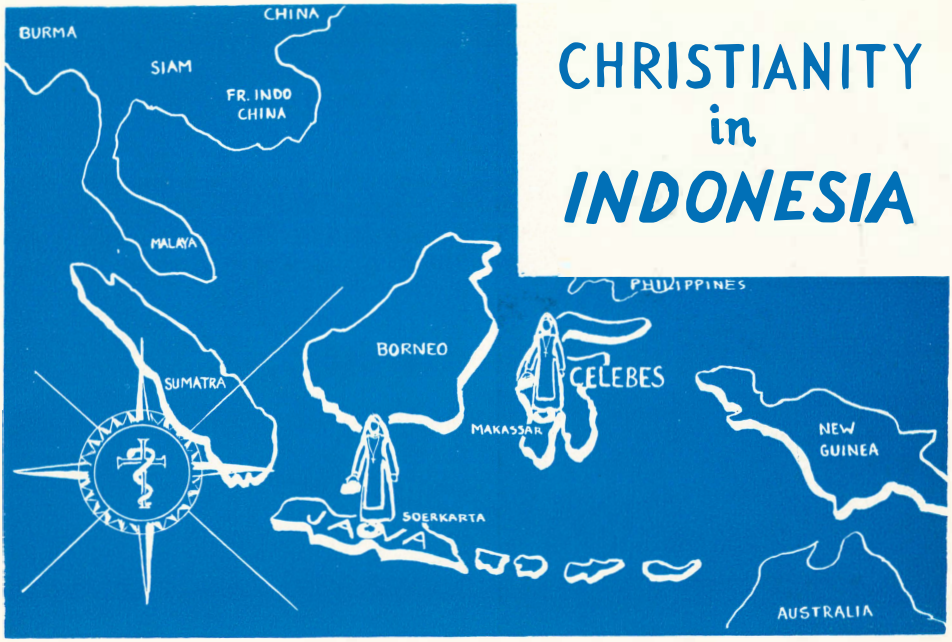
## YOUR WILL . . . .

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick and suffering of mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I *hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of* $..... *for its general purposes.*"

**If you have already made your will, it is not necessary to make a new one. It is sufficient that a codicil be added, using the above form.**

# CHRISTIANITY in INDONESIA




IN the postwar years the Malayan archipelago emerged from an age-long silence to appear before the footlights of world interest. However, little attention was paid to the position of the Catholic Church in the very important region of Southeast Asia, notably in the new state, the "Republic of Indonesia," born in 1949. Yet, from 1807 Catholic Missionaries had been working in what was then the "Dutch East Indies" and the latest war proved that the young and not very numerous Christian Community was able to face the storm.

### The Country

The Apostolic Internunciature of Indonesia, erected in 1950, comprises 24 ecclesiastical divisions; besides the territory of the Indonesian Republic, where 19 independent divisions are situated, it further comprises British North Borneo, Portuguese Timor and the western part of the island of New Guinea, for the time being under Dutch government. Let us focus our attention on the territory of the former Dutch East Indies, i.e., the present Indonesian Republic and West New Guinea. This region has a total area of 734,000 square miles, that is, one-fourth of the U. S. The total population, roughly distinguished into 20 ethnical main groups, with 25 languages and 150 dialects, is estimated at 72 million, which means 98 inhabitants per square mile. Indonesia is about twice as densely populated as the U.S.A. The island of Java alone, with an area slightly larger than the State of New York, has a population of about 50 million souls (three-fourths of the whole population of Indonesia), whereas there is only one city, Djakarta, with the number of inhabitants above one million.

### The Status of the Church

Scattered about this area are 815,-879 Catholics, that is a little more than 1% of the total population. The mission personnel, greatly depleted during the time of the Japanese occupation, shows a considerable

Javanese Fruit Seller

growth since 1946 and now consists of 742 priests—among whom 76 are Indonesians — 461 brothers, mainly employed in teaching, and 1,772 sisters, 356 of whom are natives, who, besides teaching also devote themselves to medical mission work. There is reason to rejoice when it is stated that in the last 25 years the number of Catholics has been multiplied fivefold, but yet at the same time this growth causes some solicitude, because the faithful are scattered very irregularly over the archipelago. **The Island of Flores, a small island in the southeast of the archipelago, has half of the total number;** whereas Java, the principal island, the obvious center of the Archipelago by its geographical situation, its enormous majority of population and cultural ascendancy over 50 million souls, has only 125,000 Catholics.

Recently, a missionary rightly wrote: "On the whole, the Catholic Church in Java is still an infinitesimal minority, in some parts hardly more than an arrival. In public life the mission still does not count. In newspapers and at meetings Muslims can throw out the greatest absurdities about the Christian religion and there is no Catholic voice to raise itself against them. The Catholics have nothing to place against a very well-equipped Left Press and a heavily state-aided Islam Press. The mission is committed to the "have-nots."

On the other hand, the Javanese Mission by its great care for education, which the far-seeing and gifted Father van Lith, S.J., around 1900 saw as a means of contact with the population, has educated a relatively large number of persons who rightly occupy an important place in the new political constellation of Indonesia. It can safely be said that it is owing to this that the Catholics are, relatively, strongly represented in the provisional Parliament. Besides the work of education, the goodwill of the Government exists mainly because of the devoted work of the sisters in the hospitals and dispensaries throughout the Islands.

### Indonesian Share in the Mission Work

Another bright spot is that, although the mission has been able to do her work among the people only this last half century, and this bound by restrictive measures, no less than 76 native priests, among them the Javanese bishop Msgr. Alb. Soegijapranata, S.J., share the responsibility of the work of the mission. In 1942, at the time of the Japanese occupation, there were 16 Indonesian priests. Their number has now increased to 76, of whom 29 are secular priests. Further prospects for the extension of the Indonesian clergy may be called positively favorable. In the same line, the fact that 20% of the sisters are natives of the coun-

try itself gives proof that the Faith has indeed taken deep root, however small the number may yet be.

### Islamism

Another fact that will have a great influence on the mission work in Indonesia is: the position of influence

**Buginese wedding showing Mohammedan and Pagan influence. The bride has her eyelids shut with a kind of glue. Part of the ceremony took place in the bridegroom's house and the other part, in the bride's house. The people shown on the picture are employed at our clinic.**

Islam is going to occupy in the final policy of the new Republic. Indonesia is not a Muslim country, although this is everywhere propagated with a subtle appeal to a prejudiced, colonial thesis, which was defended as scientific. The figures cited as a proof (90% of the population is said to be Muslim) lack every objective ground. Never at any census was there a column for religions. It must be admitted, however, that there are several smaller regions where the Orthodox Islam is very strong indeed. But if there is now in Indonesia an Islamic force that must be encountered, we must not forget that the colonial policy has made Indonesia more Islam-minded than it could ever have become of its own power.

### Conclusion

Not closing our eyes to the difficulties at the moment, we realize that the dogged tenacity and the true spirit of sacrifice of the 17 orders and congregations of priests and 56 congregations of brothers and sisters, the growth of the native clergy, the appreciation of the government for the work of the mission and the rapidly growing number of faithful may constitute a guarantee for the steady growth of the Catholic Church in this extensive archipelago. **The clear-cut mission intention of this month of May be then a prayer for greater peace, order and stability in the young Indonesian government and the cessation of subversive, left winged agitation, so that the Catholic Church may be able to accomplish her salutary task in this part of the world.**

P. Kijm, S.J.

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*"Missionary joy . . . consists in rejoicing that Christ is known and that He is loved. In consequence, every time we learn that new souls have come close to Him, that new lands have opened themselves to Him, we should experience a very pure joy because a soul has found its Bridegroom. It should not matter to us that we ourselves may never be able to do anything of this sort because it is not our vocation. Things like that do not prevent the apostolic soul from rejoicing in spirit because it is profoundly happy, in its love for God, to see that He is increasingly known and loved."*

JEAN DANIELOU—*The Salvation of the Nations*

Early in March, 1947, shortly after the end of World War II, a small group of Medical Mission Sisters landed in Batavia (now Jakarta), the capital and chief port of Java. The Sisters had come to establish a medical center in Indonesia—the first undertaking of the Dutch province of Medical Mission Sisters.

Maternity and child welfare work appeared to be one of the greatest needs of the islands. According to a rough estimate, the mortality rate of infants is approximately 40%, a minimum, rather than a maximum figure. The number of mothers who die as a result of unskilled attendance at child-birth is appalling. Even in the few places where there are hospitals, few women seek admission for child-birth. In one hospital of 60 beds, there was only one ward for women with six beds! The chief reason for this is that the personnel in the hospitals is predominantly male; women prefer women attendants. Secondly, many of the people are very primitive and consider it merely a matter of fate whether they live or die. The great distance patients have to travel to reach the hospital is another factor. For all these reasons a training school for native midwives was deemed of first importance.

Makassar in the Southern Celebes, a large seaport city of 180,000 inhabitants, was chosen as the vital spot in which to open a clinic for mothers and babies and to organize the training school for native midwives. Makassar is a progressive city. Its population offers a colorful variety of different races — Makassars, Florinese, Ambonese, Buginese, Toradjas, Menadonese, Sangirese, Chinese, Arabian and Dutch. For the most part, these people are Mohammedans.

The number of physicians in Makassar is estimated to be one for every 7,000 inhabitants, while rural

areas have only one for every 250,000. Besides, in 1947 when the Sisters arrived in Makassar, the various medical clinics of the city had only a total of 85 beds available for maternity cases—and thus could care for not more than 350 patients a month. Since the total number of births in Makassar is estimated at a thousand a month, only one-third of all deliveries in the city were being attended by qualified personnel. The remainder of the mothers were assisted by *dukuns,* untrained native midwives.

In the summer of 1947, the 24-bed obstetrical department of Stella Maris Hospital was turned over to the care of the Medical Mission Sisters. The work consisted of pre-natal and post-natal care, actual deliveries and the training of native girls for this type work. In 1948 the school was officially recognized as a State school for midwives. The first group of pioneers graduated from the two-year course in July, 1949 with flying colors and are carrying on their work in different parts of the country.

In another section of Makassar a 26-bed maternity clinic, St. Melania's, was also entrusted to the Sisters. From the beginning, a training school for midwives was also included. The students must be registered nurses, and it takes them at least two years to become registered midwives. The work proved very difficult as there was scarcely any teaching equipment available, and the courses had to be given in the native language (Malay). Fortunately, a few Catholic Indonesians who also knew the Dutch language offered their assistance. Within a year the work flourished to such a degree that new, enlarged quarters had to be erected for both patients and students. Today St. Melania's has 18 student midwives and 40 beds for expectant mothers.

The number of graduate midwives from this school is by no means adequate to meet the demand and the people are looking forward to an ever increasing number to lower the terrific mortality rate among mothers and infants. The present graduates volunteer to work for two years in

Midwifery Students, Makassar, at the school conducted by the Medical Mission Sisters. In 1950 there were four graduates, three of whom came from Minahasse, and one from Ambon. All four were Protestants. At present there are six Catholics, five Protestants, 1 Adventist and three Mohammedan girls enrolled in the school.

government service in any part of East Indonesia. The government assigns them to a place where there is a resident doctor. The ideal is to have them do the normal deliveries and call for medical help when anything abnormal occurs. They also aim to win the confidence of the *dukuns,* the unskilled midwives, in order to give them a brief but comprehensive course in child-birth assistance. In this way they can make a genuine contribution to maternal care in Indonesia.

Recently a Public Health Officer, working with the Economic Cooperation Administration of the U. S. A., wrote from Indonesia to Mother Dengel: "I spent parts of two days looking over the small school which is conducted in Makassar and watched the work of the Sisters in the maternity clinic nearby. It is a picture of a vast amount of work in the presence of very deficient supplies, and it was inspiring to see what excellent results can be obtained in spite of shortages. **The Sisters are making a tremendous contribution to the welfare of the people among whom they are working in Indonesia, and one cannot see such work without wanting to write a letter of commendation to the responsible agency."**

From a missionary point of view, maternity care among the Indonesians is a concrete and easily discernible manifestation of Christian Charity and as such, forms a vital part in planting the Church.

Moreover, since the end of the war, the people of Indonesia are more anxious than ever to help themselves. This furnishes a task for missionaries —the duty of providing the opportunity for Indonesians to qualify themselves in the medical field according to Christian principles.

## SOERAKARTA, JAVA

"December the 8th, closed our first year here, and we are fast becoming acquainted with the people. Soerakarta is in the interior of Java, and a great distance from our Sisters in the Celebes—five days by boat and another day by train. Too expensive for poor people!

"At present, we have a maternity clinic with 7 beds and the policlinic or Polyklinik Umum as it is called here. Most of the people are Mohammedans. There are three and one-half thousand Catholics but as yet no Catholic Hospital. That is our task but it will take time.

"The house-boy and one of the girls at the clinic were baptized on Christmas Eve. They made their first Holy Communion during Midnight Mass. Of their own accord they asked to take instructions."

Sister M. Mechtilde

**9,495 clinic patients were cared for by the Sisters at Polyklinik Umum in 1950.**

# New Horizons . . . . . VENEZUELA

The Society's first mission in South America, Our Lady of Coromoto Hospital in Maracaibo, Venezuela, was solemnly inaugurated and blessed on Saturday, March 3rd. The 128-bed Hospital, named after the Patroness of Venezuela, was built by the Creole Petroleum Co. for the benefit of its own employees as well as for the people in the vicinity. Because of the preponderant Catholic population, the company was eager to put the management of the Hospital in the hands of Sisters and it has been confided to our care on a three year lease.

The formal opening, held in the 2nd-floor salon of the new building, was attended by a large number of people: ecclesiastics, government representatives, Creole directors and employees, physicians and friends, and was presided over by His Excellency, Marcos Sergio Godoy, Bishop of Zulia.

Sisters from a nearby convent brought their own piano, set it up in one corner of the room and provided music for the occasion. In a short address, the Bishop praised the Creole Co. for providing Maracaibo with an institution of such a nature and even more, for putting it under the charge of Catholic Sisters. Then he blessed the Hospital.

Following the Blessing, Dr. Ciro Vasquez spoke and in the name of

**Sr. M. Laetitia speaking at the opening of the hospital.**

the Creole Co., turned over the Hospital to our Society. Sister M. Laetitia, as representing the Society, was then called upon. As soon as she started to speak, a murmur went through the crowd — "She's speaking Spanish!" They were all very pleased. Sister thanked the Creole Co. for providing us with an opportunity of exercising our apostolate of healing and caring for the sick in South America.

His Excellency, Marcos Godoy, Bishop of Zulia

**First Patient**

Monday the patients began to arrive. Five came the first day; most of them were ambulatory. The next day we had our first accident admission. One of the Americans who was checking equipment happened to be above the ceiling of the 3rd floor. Unfortunately, he did not know it was a false ceiling and as soon as he stepped upon it, down he came. He landed on the rubber tile floor, however, and was only bruised. On his admission slip the question, "Mode of transportation?" was answered with "Through the ceiling." He'll never live it down! Since then, patients have been pouring in steadily.

# SPIRITUS SANCTUS

***THIS day earth has become heaven for us;***

not by the stars descending from the heavens to earth, but by the Apostles ascending to heaven through the grace of the Holy Spirit which has been poured out abundantly and has transformed the whole world into heaven; not by the changing of natures but by the correcting of wills.

***FOR it found a tax-gatherer and transformed him into an evangelist;***

it found a persecutor and made him an apostle;
it found a robber and conducted him to paradise;
it found a prostitute and rendered her equal to virgins;
it found the learned and showed them the Gospels;
it fled malice and wrought kindness;
it abolished slavery and wrought liberty;
it forgave debts and conferred the grace of God.

***THEREFORE heaven has become earth; and from repeating this again and again I shall not cease.***

—St. John Chrysostom

# *Our Lady of Coromoto*

*This is the simple story, translated from the Spanish, as it is told in Venezuela.*

*A. Trindade*

One day in the year 1651, the Chief of a tribe of Indians known as the Coromotos was travelling along the Guanare River in Venezuela. He had reached a point where the stream became a rapids, racing between the stony walls of a gorge. Suddenly, the Chief looked up and was surprised to see a beautiful Lady smiling at him. She walked towards him, holding in her arms a radiant Child. The Lady told the Chief to go to the village of the Spanish and ask to be taught about God.

Some days later, the Chief and some of his tribesmen met the Spaniard, Juan Sanchez, who was journeying towards his home in the village. The Chief told Sanchez that he and his whole tribe would like to come and live near the village so that they might more easily study the religion of the Spanish. The Chief proceeded to tell Sanchez the whole story of the Woman and her Child at the gorge. Sanchez, not a little amazed at such a request, told the Chief and his men he would have to take the matter up with the Elders of the town. These latter placed Juan Sanchez and two others in charge of the whole project.

The men, selecting a site where the Tucipido River flows into the Guanare, began their classes of instruction for the Chief and his tribe.

At first, all went well. But soon the heart of the Chief longed for the freedom of the forests and the hunts he had once enjoyed. He grew weary of the discipline and restrictions that classes imposed on him. Finally, one day he refused to attend an extra class, which Sanchez had called. Returning to his village the Chief strode into his hut and threw himself down, refusing to speak to his wife and nephew.

When darkness fell, troubled sleep came to the Chief. He dreamed of the

gorge where the beautiful Lady had appeared to him. But remembering her did not bring him peace. On the contrary, he began to mutter curses at her. She was the cause of all his unhappiness.

Suddenly, he was awakened. The room was strangely aglow with light. It was the Lady herself, standing in the doorway of his hut. Resentfully, he told her to leave him, not to torture him anymore. She simply smiled at him and made a gesture towards him. In anger he rushed toward the Lady and clutched at her skirt. She vanished immediately, leaving the Chief in complete darkness.

But what was this? Something was shining in the palm of his hand. He looked more closely. It was a tiny image of the vision he had just seen. Beside himself with confusion and grief, he wrapped the image in a leaf and hid it in the straw ceiling of his hut.

The Chief's nephew who was also in the room and had seen the Lady was horrified at the way his uncle had received her. Noting carefully the spot where the Chief hid the image, he set out for Sanchez' house to tell him the whole story.

The boy travelled so swiftly that he arrived in the village before the inhabitants had awakened. Excitedly, he began to tell the story to Sanchez, begging him to come to the Chief's hut. Sanchez did not believe the little Indian. However, because of the boy's persistence, Sanchez said to him, "Go and harness my two mules and I will come with you." This he said knowing that the two animals were loose in the fields and were extremely wild. Even in the corral it always took at least two hours for the men to catch them.

The boy quietly picked up a pair of reins and went to the field. Five minutes later, Juan Sanchez, dumbfounded, saw the little Indian returning with the mules following meekly behind him. Sanchez needed no further coaxing. He and the boy headed straight for the Chief's hut in Coromoto.

When Sanchez saw the tiny image which the Chief's nephew confidently entrusted to him, he recognized it as a picture of the Mother of God and her Son. Gratefully he carried it to his home where he made a shrine for the image.

On September 9th, the day following the apparition, the Chief packed his belongings and prepared to go back to his beloved mountains and woods. Scarcely had he entered the woods when he felt a sharp pain in his leg. He had been bitten by a poisonous snake. With the insight of a huntsman, he knew he would soon die. While awaiting the end, the Chief remembered the Beautiful Lady of Coromoto. Now he grieved much that he had insulted her so cruelly. But, though he did not know it, the "offended" Lady still loved and sought him.

By the special Providence of God, a very good Christian of the family of Ochogavies was travelling by. Hearing the Indian crying out for Baptism, he immediately administered the Sacrament. Our Lady of Coromoto had won her Indian Chief for her Son.

Today a lovely Church stands in the City of Guanare to honor Our Lady of Coromoto as Patroness of Venezuela. Many miracles have been wrought through her intercession. May she bless and make fruitful the work of the Medical Mission Sisters in the hospital placed under her protection. May many more souls be won for her Son through their apostolate.

# TELEPHONE INSIDE?

SR. M. ROBERTA, R.N.

When the call came in at 11:00 a.m. one morning it sounded like an emergency; in fact, I did a bit of praying to Our Lady of Happy Delivery on the 25 mile drive out to the small town that I would reach the patient on time.

At dusk, it was obvious that the baby would not arrive for another several hours, so I decided to call the Sisters in Santa Fe, to assure them that all was well, but warn them not to expect me before midnight. The patient's husband informed me that the only phone in town was in the store.

"But won't it be closed now?"

"Oh, it's probably still open. If not, the owners live in the back.

I drove into town, to the store. It was locked. "Probably open," I snorted mentally, as I started around to the back. Not a sign of life. My heart sank. Going up to the back door I knocked loud and long . . . and hopefully. Finally, someone upstairs threw up a window and yelled, "Who the ——is there?" After that opening line, I hated to embarrass him by saying, "One of the Sisters," but there was nothing else to do. I announced my identity in as undisturbed a manner as I possibly could. There was a horrified "Oh!" and then, silence. Trying once more, I addressed the blank, black space above, explaining my predicament. As I finished, a head appeared at the door and I started all over again.

"Sister," he said rather sheepishly, "We don't have a phone. The only one in town is at the *other* store, down a block." There was nothing to do but thank him and retreat. I started the car and drove very slowly down the road. Then I saw it . . . a big, gaudy, well-lighted sign, "Liquors, Beer, Wine, Ale . . . Bar. Tables for the Ladies" and underneath, the little blue notice, "Telephone Inside." I sat very still and debated. Sisters just *don't* go into saloons! But it was the only phone and I had to call.

Begging my guardian angel's special protection, I picked my quaking way across the dirt road to the saloon door. Cautiously I peeked inside. There was not one soul in that bar except the proprietor! I was welcomed, made my call in perfect privacy, bade the owner and his wife a warm good-night and hurried back to my patient with a joyful heart.

"Sister," she said laughing sympathetically, "You could have reached that phone just as easily through the grocery store next door. That's how everyone does it!"

# AFRICA'S CONGRESS

First National Eucharistic Congress Gold Coast, British West Africa

For the week of the Eucharistic Congress, Kumasi should have been hot, dry, dusty overcrowded and underfed. Everyone predicted it would. How could it be otherwise, in the peak of the dry season? The city has hardly enough facilities for its own expanding population, much less an increase of 30,000 expected visitors. The water supply was at its lowest, and the city was not geared for managing such crowds. The only ones not worried were the Africans. They came by lorries, trains and on foot, not 30,000, but 60,000-70,000 of them, and the city seemed to absorb the extra people like a sponge.

There was also plenty of rain during the Congress week—an unheard-of thing at this time of the year. However, it rained only at night. The mornings were clear, and the grounds always dry enough to hold the daily Pontifical High Masses. The people accepted the rains quite simply as God's P r o v i d e n c e. Moreover, the Ashantes consider it a good sign if rain is connected with a visit or important event.

And this was an important and historic week in the Gold Coast. While the Catholics were united in prayer in Kumasi, the Legislative Assembly of the Gold Coast under the new Constitution met for the first time in Accra, the capital town.

The majority of the pilgrims had arrived from all over West Africa in time to welcome the Papal Legate who came by plane that first Monday night. An estimated crowd of 60,000 encircled the airfield, lined twelve deep, to greet His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop M a t h e w. Archbishop Porter and Bishop Paulissen were there to greet His Grace, and one hundred drums beat out a welcome and salute. In the beautiful Cathedral of St. Peter an address of welcome was delivered by the Most Reverend Archbishop W. T. Porter, S.M.A., D.D., C.B.E. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed, and the long-planned First National Eucharistic Congress became a reality.

In an address to the Eucharistic Congress, His Holiness, Pope Pius XII paid tribute to the years of mis-

sionary zeal during which "heroes in the Faith have made possible the Congress of today." (Over sixty priests and Sisters have died here in the Gold Coast during the last seventy years.)

A large monstrance was outlined between the two spires of the Cathedral. Illuminated with electric lights, it was visible to all the city at night. A large valley, cleared of all shrubs and trees, on the outskirts of Kumasi was termed Congress Park, and was the site of the Daily Holy Masses and various general assemblies. Huge poles, red topped, representing candles stood at the entrance gate. Midway on the wide aisle to the altar was a lovely statue of Our Lady of Fatima, enshrined under a wooden archway.

The motto, "Ad Jesum per Mariam" spanned the entrance to the park. And the words "Ego Sum Rex" encircled the gold-crowned baldechino over the large white altar, which stood in the center of the valley. A natural amphitheatre, the grounds sloped upwards from the altar to accommodate the assembled thousands on the benches of cement blocks and long wooden planks. The altar stood on a twenty-foot square, white-pillared platform. Facing it was a long ramp for the hierarchy and clergy. Twenty state umbrellas offered by the Kumasi chieftains sheltered the Reverend guests from the blazing African sun, and added more color to an already brilliant assembly.

Every day at this altar was held a Pontifical High Mass, as the schedule varied, youth day, men's day, etc. Thursday, the fourth day of the Congress was an especially memorable day. Natives of Africa in general, and the West Coast in particular, had reason to boast, and raise grateful hearts to God for the progress which Mother Church has made in the fifty years of its establishment in the Gold Coast. On this day the meaning of the extension of the Church was forcibly brought home to all present, when the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered by an all-African group, Bishop, deacon, subdeacon, servers and assistants.

A choir, composed of African priests, seminarians and students intoned the "Ecce Sacerdos." As His Lordship Bishop Joseph Kiwanuka, W. F. ascended the altar steps one could feel the awe and pride of the thousands of assembled Africans. It was Africa's day. One of its own Bishops, a native of Uganda and a

relative of one of the martyrs of Uganda, pontificated at the High Mass. This was a picture of the hoped-for fruit of all missionary endeavor—TO PLANT THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN MISSION COUNTRIES AND THEREBY RENDER THE MISSIONARY UNNECESSARY.

One of the most impressive scenes was the Kiss of Peace during the Holy Mass. Bishop Kiwanuka gave the Kiss of Peace to his deacon, and thus for a brief space of time, the Peace of Christ during the Reign of Christ was experienced and passed down from one nation to another in the symbolical Kiss of Peace which

moved up and down the long columns of Archbishops, Bishops, Monsignori and priests who were representing every nation in the world. Also present was the Oriental Rite in the person of His Grace, Most Rev. A. Abed, Archbishop of Tripoli. Truly Africa's First National Eucharistic Congress could be called an international Eucharistic Congress for in the missionaries, all the nations of the world were represented.

**Women's Day**

On Friday the mothers and young women of the Gold Coast were represented by a capacity crowd at the Solemn High Mass and at the functions throughout the day. The sermon during the Mass, given by a White Father, was addressed to the women of the Gold Coast but especially to the mothers who are "charged with the all-important obligation of good example in the rearing of their children in the Catholic Faith." And as he traced the steps of growth in plant life, Rev. Father pointed out that unless the plant was given proper care and nourishment it would bear poor fruit so it was necessary for mothers to nourish their souls with proper spiritual food so that their offspring would have a well-nourished and strong faith. He also stressed the important place that a good Catholic mother holds in this country where parenthood is a woman's highest goal.

Sister M. Paula delivered the paper entitled "The Eucharist and the Sick and Dying," by Sister M. Gerard, S.C.M.M. Sister's paper was given at the sectional meeting which was held shortly after the Pontifical High Mass.

Sister spoke before the Akan speaking group assembled in Prempeh Hall, meeting place of the Ashanti Confederacy. The large hall was filled to overflowing, and long lines formed outside the doors and windows. The general theme of the meeting was: THE EUCHARIST AND WOMEN.

Sister's paper found an interested audience, which followed every word of the interpreter. At the words, "the sick in the hospital are not a select group — you find the old man, the young girl, etc.," one old woman turned to her neighbor and nodded, as if to say, "how true, how true." It was striking to note the interest and attention with which the audience listened, and it was the hottest part of the day.

**Marian Day**

Saturday, Marian Day, the Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima was appropriately decorated with a lovely backdrop and flowers and Our Lady had a crown of roses. Each day of the Congress different groups had recited the Rosary before the statue throughout the day. On Marian Day even more devotion was paid. The crowds gathered much earlier to pay special homage to the Queen of Heaven. After praising and petitioning her they made their way down the slope to the valley below and took their places around the altar where the Holy Sacrifice of Her Son was to take place. The sermon was given by Bishop A. A. Noser, S.V.D., D.D. Three times, the theme "Ad Jesum per Mariam" with examples of practical means of how to employ this sermon resounded in English, Twi and Ewe.

By noon those participating in the Living Rosary procession were forming ranks in front of Prempeh Hall; the march was to begin at 3 P.M. The different guilds, societies, schools, etc. had colorful banners, crosses, etc. They were in their element; there is nothing these people love more than a procession.

The Living Rosary was one of the highlights of the Congress. Seven hundred and fifty girls, dressed in white, made up the fifteen decades. Each bead was formed by a group of five girls, which carried a light-framework arch of multi-colored paper flowers. Each decade group marched with a float which had a tableau depicting one of the mysteries of the Rosary. These floats, which were prepared by the different mission stations were excellent. The costly costumes and decorations for the lorries showed that the people went all out for their Eucharistic King and His Blessed Mother. It was a notable sight that moved through the main streets of Kumasi, and a loving tribute to the Queen of the Holy Rosary.

At nightfall the people started to gather from all parts of Kumasi; they marched in groups in a candlelight procession to Congress Park. By 8 o'clock the valley was a sea of flickering candlelights. This mass meeting was presided over by His Grace, Archbishop Porter, S.M.A., D.D., C.B.E., assisted by Sir Nana Osei Agyeman Prempeh II, K.B.E., honorary president of the Eucharistic Congress (and Chief of Ashanti).

The speech of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII was transcribed from Rome over Radio Vatican. The talk was interpreted into Twi, Ewe and Dagarti (a Northern Territories' tongue). Other speeches were delivered by the Attorney General of the Gold Coast, Hon. Patrick Branigan, the Ashantehene, a Knight of St. Sylvester and by the Papal Legate, His Grace, Archbishop D. Mathew, D.D., Litt. D. A prayer for civil authorities was offered by His Grace, Archbishop Porter. Then two children from each tribe represented at the Congress came to the platform. In their own tongue they expressed a vote of thanks to the Holy Father, through the Papal Legate. They also thanked the Papal Legate. The meeting closed with a prayer and cheers for the Pope.

**Closing Day—Sunday, February 26th**

The Papal Legate celebrated the Pontifical High Mass on the closing day of the Congress. On this day an extra section of the park was reserved for the numerous Chiefs of Ashanti who made an arresting scene with their colorful retinue, under the brilliant-hued umbrellas.

After the Holy Mass, a procession was formed. The Blessed Sacrament was carried in state through the streets of Kumasi. Here, as throughout the entire week of the Congress, the people observed good order and discipline—attending all the functions with attention and reverence. Throngs of people lined the streets, and thousands participated in the procession, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, receiving the Papal Blessing which closed the Congress.

For this last Benediction the monstrance used was the one presented by the Ashanti people through their Chief, the Ashantehene. Standing three feet high, it was made in the Colony of ebony, gold and ivory. Within the glass center was a miniature Ashanti Stool, carved in ivory. The Golden Stool of Ashante, in the

strict sense, is believed to possess the soul of the state (people), being descended from the sky in the early history of the Nation. Figuratively, the Stool represents the Ashante people! The Sacred Host rested on this miniature in ivory. And the prayer of the Congress is that some day Christ's sweet yoke will rest on this whole people.

Sisters M. Paula and
M. Raphael, S.C.M.M.

## MEDICAL GUILD IN INDIA

Due to a lack of competent physicians the rural populations of India have often suffered the loss of many lives during epidemics. The familiar figure of the family doctor so well-known in Europe and the United States is not known in India. Doctors do not enjoy the comfort and prestige they desire, and as a consequence, they prefer to settle in the cities on hospital staffs or as simple consultants. The rural districts of India are thus abandoned to the medical practitioners who have no diplomas and who are not exactly skilled.

The Government of Madras in an effort to remedy this situation proposes to offer a number of scholarships to medical students who will promise to practice medicine at least three years in a rural district.

In the meantime, while this plan is being carried out, a number of Catholic doctors and a larger number of students of medicine have formed a Medical Association which will give medical care gratis to the poor.

This Association began in 1946 as a study club for the establishment of contact between the missions and medical students. Its constitutions were edited by His Excellency Archbishop Mathias of Madras and Father Jerome d'Souza, S.J.

At the suggestion of one of the doctors who had studied the Medical Guilds in America, the Association decided to open a clinic on one of the busiest streets of Madras.

On the clinic's first day, only one sick person appeared, but within a week the number of daily callers increased to 40. By the end of 1948 more than 200 called every day for medical advice and for medicines. The doctors and students give practically all of their spare time to this charitable work, which is highly esteemed by the Hindus.

The members were encouraged by the success of their first venture. With the approval of Archbishop Mathias they have extended their activity to the villages. This, however, had to be done without interfering too much with the studies of the students or with the normal tasks of the doctors. They are now able, with a staff of about ten, including two doctors, to make a visitation of the villages every week with a mobile unit placed at their disposal by the Red Cross. This enables them to care for as many as 100 patients a day.

Fides Service

Rev. Brother Wilfred Schreiber, C.S.C.,
Notre Dame, Ind.
Mother M. Beatrix of the Immaculate
Conception, P. C., Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister M. Benedetta Mahoney, C.S.C.,
Notre Dame, Ind.
Sister M. Lioba Dunphy, C.S.C., Ogden, Utah
Professor Edgar Prestage,
Kensington, England
Mrs. Ursula Roberts, Pittsburgh, Pa.

# medical mission Chits

### Complications

During the "rozah" (days of fasting for Mohammedans), Sr. Renee was trying to persuade a very anemic woman to take a liver injection. She refused on the grounds that she could not break her fast. So, patiently, Sister explained that a liver injection does not go to the stomach where you fast, but to the liver where it would improve her blood condition. She was almost convinced when suddenly she remembered—"I must consult my husband." I am fast developing an anti-husband complex.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan
Sister M. Leonie, M.D.

### Mystery Doctor

Overheard in the dispensary: "I've just seen the doctor-Sister on the "general" side, but I don't think she quite understands my trouble. Now I'm going to try the one on the "private" side.—our *one* Sr. Leonie plays Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde!

Rawalpindi, Pakistan
Sister M. Martin, R. N.

### Santa Fe

Some of the local women came here not long ago with a request that we teach them what to do to help a mother in labor, in case of an emergency when there were no doctors or nurses around. They were thinking of the possibility of an atom bomb attack (this area is very atom-bomb conscious). Last Tuesday night Sister M. Patrick held a class for them, which seemed to be a real success. They were serious, and tremendously interested and had so many questions that the class lasted long overtime. But please God, the need they anticipate will never arise.

—Sr. M. Roberta, R. N.

### Patna

Graduation exercises for 13 of our successful examinees proved an impressive occasion. Col. and Mrs. Nath, Inspector General of Civil Hospitals were the principal guests. For the program, we even had a school song composed by Sister M. Thaddeus. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed the outdoor ceremony.

Sister M. Cyril, R.N.

**Kindly send THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY to:**

**Name** _____

**Address** _____

**City** _____ **Zone** ____ **State** _____

**MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS**
**8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Phila. 11, Pa.**
***U. S. $1.00 for 1 year; $5 for 6 years***
***Foreign: $1.25 for 1 year; $5.00 for 5 years***

*"Excuse us, we're practicing for the opening."*

Dear St. Joseph:

If it weren't so painfully true, it would have been a very comical scene. There the novices were, St. Joseph, singing books in hand, hearts full of expectation, completely oblivious of the debris and workmen around—practicing for the Opening Day! They have the FAITH that moves mountains! . . . and there are still mountains to be moved, St. Joseph—or, at least, heaps: heaps of tiles, bricks, woodwork, furnishings, etc.—not to mention HEAPS of bills.

Please, St. Joseph, won't you move your friends to help us with these HEAPS? If just a few more would "dig down" we could level them in a hurry.

FAITH-fully yours,

Mother Anna Dengel, M.D.

***Are You a Friend of St. Joseph?***

Dear Mother Dengel, here is my contribution $_____ towards your new chapel.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____